4903.cc.14.
2

A N

E L E G Y,

On the Death of

Mr. Andrew Gifford Gwennap.

BY A LADY.

SEE, from afar, a Radiant Car aſcend,
With ſongs of triumph, Angel Hoſts attend!
A Joyful Spirit now hath took its flight,
And GWENNAP enters the ſweet realms of light.

Hail! favor'd Youth, by kindred Spirits crown'd,
While Heaven's Orcheſtra, love, and grace reſound:
We wipe our tears,---- we will our ſighs repel,
And force our falt'ring tongues to ſay,---- "'Tis well."

" 'Tis well," ---- that ſtarting thou haſt won the race,
" 'Tis well," ---- ſo ſoon to gain the Victors place,
" 'Tis well," ---- yet by this awful ſtroke how croſt
Our blooming hopes. Our expectations loſt!

Fondly we view'd thy riſing virtues ſhine,
And by our wiſhes meaſur'd out thy line;
Fancy portray'd thee in ſucceſſive years,
A ſtandard bearer in this vale of tears.

BRITISH MUSEUM

So form'd for uſefulneſs, by gifts and grace,
To warn, allure, compel a ſinful race;
Surely, we ſaid, the LORD's anointed ſtands,
A choſen veſſel in his Maſter's hands.

Choſen he was, but not to mortals given,
Matur'd in grace, the Youth was call'd to Heaven;
Yet ere from Earth he took his joyful flight,
Like him of old, he walk'd with GOD in ſight.

Choſen indeed he was, too good to reſt,
In any ſtation but his SAVIOUR's breaſt;
JESUS beheld and call'd his fav'rite home,
The glad Diſciple anſwer'd, "LORD I come."

Behold him lying on the bed of pain!
He ſays ---- "To live is CHRIST, to die is gain;"
"By faith I view my future bleſt abode;"
"I ſhall be near, I ſhall be like my GOD!"

"I have no cloud, the rays of glory ſhine,"
"JESUS I know, and all in him, is mine."
"He is my Rock, my Refuge, and my Boaſt;"
"I go to join the bright acclaiming Hoſts."

"Praiſes ſhall then my happy Soul employ;"
"Yet, when tranſlated to that world of joy!"
"The chief of Sinners ſtill ſhall be my name,"
"My Crown the purchaſe of the bleeding LAMB."

" O! how the Goſpel promiſes appear!"
" How ſure, how ſweet, how ſuited, and how dear!"
" I cannot chooſe, I take them all for mine,"
" And JESUS whiſpers," " All are freely thine."

" 'Tis good for me that I have born the croſs,"
" For JESUS now I all things count but loſs;"
" Yet deeper LORD impreſs this luke-warm heart,"
" Which would for ever chooſe the better part."

" Thy righteouſneſs I make my only plea;"
" Thy everlaſting love I plainly ſee;"
" Yet, in eternity, I ſtill ſhall cry,"
" The truth I know, but not the reaſon why."

" The LORD will be my Souls unchanging FRIEND;"
" My glorious bliſs ſhall know no pauſe, nor end;"
" Great CAPTAIN, SAVIOUR, now I quit the field;"
" I ſtill will graſp th' impenitrable ſhield."

" The Meſſenger of Death is near at hand,"
" I'm haſt'ning on to Jordan's crouded ſtrand;"
" For me the convoy waits, my Brethren ſtay,"
" The Maſter calls, ---- " Come GWENNAP, come away."

" To-morrow I ſhall leave this houſe of clay,"
" And walk the awful, joyful, untried way;"
" Great ſtrength ſhall then this feeble frame ſuſtain,"
" And make me Conqueror o'er Death and Pain."

" O! how am I indebted, LORD, to thee!"
" How great that grace, which daily follows me?"
" Bind, LORD, thy Servant with the cords of love,"
" Nor ever looſe me in the realms above."

" Ye Sinners, hear, I with my dying breath,"
" Warn you in time to be prepar'd for death;"
" No forms can aid you in that ſolemn hour,"
" But true Religion in its heartfelt power."

"'Tis faith alone can make our fears subside,"
"For me, I know, the LORD will ſtill provide;"
"Now nature fails, and Death appears in view,"
"I know, his Grace ſhall bring me ſafely through."

Then he pour'd forth his Soul in earneſt pray'r,
He all committed to his SAVIOUR's care,
Praiſe tun'd his heart, and Grace was all his theme,
Faith drew the veil, and ſhew'd him things unſeen.

"I fight," he cried, "the battle juſt is won,"
"And everlaſting life's almoſt begun;"
"I more than conquer in my SAVIOUR's might,"
"And claim, through him, a glorious crown, my right."

"O! may my Death," he ſaid, "to you be bleſt,"
"And ſtir you up to ſeek eternal reſt;"
"Now look, and learn, the awful hour draws nigh,"
"When each of you muſt lay you down and die."

He ſtop'd, ---- the willing Spirit drop'd the clod,
And ſwift aſcended to the mount of GOD;
Angels convey'd his happy Soul above,
To the bleſt regions of eternal love.

Make room, ye harpers, lo! your comrade waits,
For happy ent'rance at your pearly gates,
Behold his forehead bears your Father's name,
Ye virgin followers of the bleeding LAMB.

Redeem'd from Earth, in him is found no guile,
Favor'd with Heaven's moſt peculiar ſmile;
Reach forth a Harp, for ſweeteſt muſic ſtrung,
And teach him now your own myſterious ſong.

Methinks I hear the Hallelujahs ſound;
The echo ſtrikes throughout the great profound;
But ah! mortality, that veil of night,
Cloſes my ears, obſcures my feeble ſight.

Eye hath not ſeen, nor mortal heart conceiv'd,
The joys prepar'd for thoſe who have believ'd;
But this we know, whate'er that bliſs may be,
Where JESUS is, his Servants too ſhall be.

Partakers here of overcoming grace,
E'en on his throne they ſhall obtain a place;
Behold his face, ---- the great transforming view
Shall kindle Raptures conſtant, ever new.

Then, O my Soul, courageouſly preſs on,
With faith and patience, till the prize is won;
Rejoice in hope to hear the Bridegroom ſay,
"Riſe up my Love, my Fair one, come away."

23 JY 68

THE END.